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# Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."--Luke xxii: 32.

Vol. XIII.

JUNE, 1896.

No. 6

## EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

IT is a marvel to some Christians that Roman Catholic priests should be ignorant of the way of salvation as the Bible teaches it and as every inquiring soul that repents and believes understands it. Nothing, seemingly, can be clearer or simpler than the invitation of the Saviour, "Come to Me, and I will give you rest." He has proved his love for all of us, by giving His life for us. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He has all power in heaven and on earth, and will give rest to everyone who comes to Him. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His name." Cannot Roman Catholics, and especially priests, who are generally intelligent, understand this? We answer, they cannot while they are dependent upon sacraments, forms and ceremonies as means of grace. One who believes that a priest can forgive sins or that he can change bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, cannot understand how the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin without absolutions or ceremonies, or how He can abide in the soul without being received into the body in a mater-

ial form. The carnal mind is enmity against God, and the natural man cannot discern spiritual things. The most intelligent person naturally may be least intelligent spiritually. When our Lord asked His disciples, "Whom do ye say that I am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This confession was the gift of God to Peter, as it is a gift to everyone to know Christ as the Saviour, and not a mere intellectual effort. He came to save sinners, and He will save all who come to Him with repentance for sin and faith in Him as the Redeemer. But they must come directly and personally. No third person—pope or priest or dead saint—can be mediator. He is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to another.

Last month two Roman Catholic priests who came to Christ's Mission for conference and were heartily welcomed could not understand this simple, plain, evangelical doctrine. The Roman Catholic system of theology in which they had been educated was so different from the teaching of the Bible that they could not at first comprehend its sublime simplicity. We commend them to the earnest prayers of our readers.

**The Doctrine For Priests.**

To every priest who comes to Christ's Mission we say, "Here is a New Testament; read and study it with an inquiring mind and a devout spirit to learn the truth regarding the Christian religion. If you sincerely desire to know the truth, the Spirit of God will reveal it to you, for this is the promise of the Son of God—'I will send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to teach you all things.' It is your duty as honest inquirers to go to the best sources of information, and there can be no higher authority on this subject than God Himself."

We handed a New Testament to a priest who came to the Mission on May 21, and though he said he had read it many times, we asked him to read it again, casting aside for the present all speculation regarding "the Church." That subject he could consider after he had settled the question of his personal relation to God, and had a firm grasp on the fundamental truths of the religion of Christ. Church membership and organizations could also be left out of consideration until he was strong in his faith in Christ. In Apostolic times, the "Church" was composed only of believers in Christ, and faith in Him was the test of membership. Whoever said in good faith—in sincerity and in truth—"I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Redeemer of the world, my Saviour who by His death has made atonement for my sins, and by His resurrection has opened heaven to me," was accepted as a fellow-member by the early disciples. There was no distinction among believers except that of faith and trust in Christ. "According to your faith," said He to the blind men, "be it unto you." The humblest and the poorest, the sick in body and soul—even the great sinner Mary Magdalene—had all alike access to the Saviour and were lovingly received by Him.

**"Roman" and "Catholic."**

At the International Arbitration Congress held in Washington in April, United States Senator Edmunds of Vermont, who presided, made a very proper distinction when he introduced Bishop Keane of the Catholic University as a *Roman Catholic*. He said: "Bishop Keane is a Roman Catholic; I am a Catholic." It would be well if all public men and writers for the press would observe this distinction. The official designation of the Church of Rome is "The Roman Catholic Church." For brevity it is called "the Catholic Church," and the followers of the Pope like nothing better than to be addressed as "Catholics." The word means universal, and properly used it is applied to all Christians—to all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and are known as Christians. The ancient creeds expressed this in the words "I believe in the holy Catholic Church," that is, the universal Church, which includes the whole body of believers in Christ throughout the world.

Every Christian is a Catholic—a member of the Catholic Church. Whether everyone who calls himself a Catholic is a Christian can be answered by the test—"By their fruits ye shall know them." It is significant that when the question "Are you a Christian?" is asked in religious meetings, those who are Christians promptly answer in the affirmative, while Roman Catholics usually say "I am a Catholic"—thus unconsciously making a distinction between themselves and all believers in Christ who worship God in spirit and in truth. It is not faith in the Pope or the Virgin Mary, or the priest and his sacraments, or purgatory that makes one a Christian. It is simply faith and trust in Christ. When our Roman Catholic friends understand this, they will cease to be Romans and become Catholics like other Christians.

**The Escaped Monk.**

During our brief visit to Northfield, Mass., last month, we were pleased to hear from Rev. R. A. Torry, Superintendent of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago, good reports of the monk E. J. Gleason, who escaped from the Dominican Monastery in Somerset, Ohio, and whom we sent to the Institute in March. Our readers will recall the circumstances of his escape and the letter he wrote us appealing for help and deliverance, as related in the March **CONVERTED CATHOLIC**. He intends to take the full course of Bible study at the Institute and thus be fitted for Christian work. He has been discarded by his family, but when he is strong in the Lord and in the power of His might he hopes to preach the Gospel to them.

**Corruption in the Dominican Order.**

If the prior of the monastery in Somerset does not take the pledge, and keep it, all the decent monks in his establishment will run away. The Dominican priests of St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, on Lexington avenue and sixty-sixth street, this city, have been drawn from the mother house at Somerset, and from the accounts that reach us we are compelled to say that the change to the metropolis has not improved the morals of these sons of St. Dominick. Father Ducey's exposure of prominent priests in this city should include some of these Dominicans. They are very angry with us for helping the young monk to escape and finding him such a safe place for soul and body as the Bible Institute. But they would be more angry still if if we gave publicity to the facts that have recently come to our knowledge. We hope those wicked Dominicans will repent and be converted. When they cease to do evil and learn to do well they will lead new lives, for there is mercy with the Lord, even for them.

**Protestantism and Priestcraft.**

At the meeting of the alumni of Union Theological Seminary, New York, May 19, 1896, the annual address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hall, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, son of Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, this city, on "Protestantism and Priestcraft." The New York *Tribune* in its report of the address said it was received "with much enthusiasm and applause, and it was unanimously voted to tender to Dr. Hall a vote of thanks and to have the address printed and distributed as soon as possible." Dr. Thomas C. Hall has inherited much of the eloquence of his distinguished father, but he is more "advanced" in his theological views. Age and experience will make him a conservative like his father, and then he will be a tower of strength in the Church of Christ in the United States. In closing his address young Dr. Hall said:

We must forever protest against any attempt to build up an ecclesiastical machine, holding the sacraments in its power and making them the way of access through which we must come, by grace of the machine, into the presence of the Father. We dare not permit any set of men, or our own hearts, to delude us into believing that by some particular course of conduct, or obedience to certain human rituals or conducts, we may win access to a Father ever seeking us. We shall protest against every conception of God that represents Him as an angry monarch who must be appeased, bought off or coaxed into a change of attitude toward us. We must protest against every conception of sacrifice that would represent it as a bribe to turn justice from its way. We must protest against any definition of 'priest' that bars the humblest believer from his privilege and duty in the one great family of God. Instead of the bribe and unwilling surrender, we have the joyful doing of the Father's good pleasure as the only reasonable sacrifice.

### BISHOP C. C. McCABE.

**L**AST month we received many letters from our readers in praise of the May **CONVERTED CATHOLIC**. More than one writer said the picture of Chaplain McCabe was alone worth the yearly subscription. Such a strong, manly, beautiful, lovable face would adorn any periodical; and his address at the Reformed Catholic Services in Masonic Temple, his letter to the Pope, and his account of the great Methodist building in Rome, which appeared in the same issue, were gems of historical, spiritual and devotional literature. It is gratifying that our readers appreciated the article on the beloved Chaplain. In the editorial, "Chaplain McCabe's Kindness," we prayed for his "happiness and long life of usefulness in the highest position in the great Church which he has done so much to build up," and we asked all our readers to join us in the prayer: "God bless Chaplain McCabe!"

We doubt not many of our readers said amen to that prayer, and it has been answered. The highest position in his Church has been conferred upon him by his election as one of its Bishops at the General Conference in Cleveland, Ohio, May 19. It was almost with prophetic vision that we anticipated this choice of his brethren. The great Methodist Church honors itself and is honored among all Christians in the election of Bishop McCabe. He is the best beloved man in the Christian Church in America. When he was elected, the report in the *New York Tribune*, May 20, said, "The Conference went wild with enthusiasm. He was quickly surrounded where he sat with the New York delegation, and heartily congratulated, while the Conference rose and cheered with the crowded galleries and made the air white with waving handkerchiefs. Dr. McCabe was immediately, by vote, invited to the platform, where he was wel-

comed by the Bishops in turn. His wife and friends, who occupied a box, were warmly congratulated." In all these congratulations **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC** heartily and lovingly joins and wishes the new Bishop a long, happy and glorious life in his larger work in the Church of Christ.

Bishop McCabe was born at Athens, Ohio, October 11, 1836. He was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and entered the Ohio Conference.

He was appointed Chaplain in 1862 to the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and went with his regiment to Virginia. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Winchester, and spent four months in Libby Prison. He made the period of imprisonment much less irksome to his fellow-prisoners than it otherwise would have been by his genial disposition and his good singing. His experience in the prison is described in his great lecture — "The Bright Side of Libby Prison." The Chaplain rejoined his regiment on his release, and soon afterward was pressed into the service of the Christian Commission, in the interest of which he collected enormous sums of money.

He received a pastoral appointment at the close of the war. He acted, subsequently, as agent of the Church Extension Society, and in 1844 was elected Secretary of the Missionary Society.

Chaplain McCabe startled the missionary world about 1885 with his great cry, "A Million for Missions," and has brought the collections up to \$1,500,000.

Bishop McCabe is universally beloved for his kindly and genial qualities. He was married to Miss Rebecca Peters of Ironton, Ohio, and has one son.

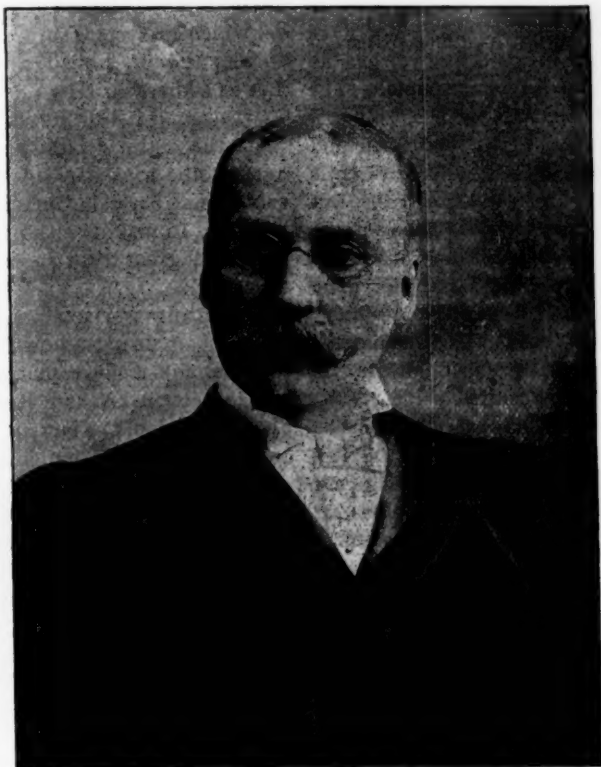
By a remarkable co-incidence, the other Bishop chosen at the Methodist Conference, Dr. Earl Cranston of Cincinnati, was also born in Athens, Ohio. He is a very able man and will make a great Bishop.

## PROTESTANTISM.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., OF THE REFORMED COLLEGIATE CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND 29TH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 8TH, 1896.

AND Gamaliel said, "Refrain from blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. There was nothing to do but for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against

Truth crushed to the earth will rise again  
The eternal years of God are hers;



REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D. D.

God."—Acts v. 38, 39.

This was wise counsel. The new religion was making a great stir and the leaders of the Jews were much concerned about it. What should be done? Should they oppose it? Sword and fagot never yet killed a cause. The

But error wounded, writhes with pain  
And dies among her worshippers.

In the great square at Wittemberg there stands a monument to the Reformation, on the base of which is this inscription: "Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehen. Ist's Menschen Werk wird's



untergehen." The outcome of these three hundred years of Protestantism proves the wisdom of that apothegm. If this work had been of men, it would long ago have come to nought; but since it is of God, the gates of hell have not been able to prevail against it.

The word Protestant suggests a negative attitude. This is unfortunate, because Protestantism is distinctly positive and structural. All truths, however are bi-frontal. You must deny before you can affirm. You must fell the forest before you can till the field. You must clear away the debris before you can lay the foundations of your temple. The sun protests before it asserts. It protests against the night, the moon and stars, miasm and disease and death, owls and jackals, ghosts and spectres. But even while protesting it affirms; the birds begin to sing, the heavens are illumined with red and azure glory, the grass blades of the meadow are hung with diamonds, the wheels of commerce revolve, and the roar of industry is heard in the great centres of life.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Protestantism began with the Reformation. The Reformation was merely the revival of a dormant principle. In the hand of one of Belzoni's mummies, taken from a crypt by the riverside in Egypt one hundred years ago, was found a bulb. It had been within the clasp of that dead man for three thousand years; but being planted it put forth newness of life.

All that the reformers did was to unclasp the stiff fingers of a Church dead in formalism and take therefrom a form of religion, which, though it shared in the darkness of death, had never died; and they planted it, and like the mustard seed it has grown and become a tree, so that the fowls of the air lodge in the branches of it.

But what is Protestantism? What is its doctrinal fabric? Wherein does it

differ from the Greek religion and from Roman Catholicism? There is a difference between apologetics and polemics. It is not at all necessary that in vindicating our position as Protestants, we should make war upon those who differ with us; they are entitled to respectful treatment.

At the same time it is becoming that all who are in the Protestant communion should be able to give to every one that asketh a reason for their faith. The fundamental facts upon which Protestantism rests are three, to wit: *Christ, Scripture and Freedom*. Let us address ourselves to these.

#### I.—CHRIST.

At the outset Protestantism protests against the relegation of Christ to a subordinate place in Christian doctrine and life. In making this protest, it formulates a great truth in most positive terms.

#### I.—CHRIST IS THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH.

Protestants believe that when Christ said to Peter, who had just made the good confession, "Thou art *Petros*, and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," He meant not that Peter was to be the foundation of the Church, but rather the great truth to which Peter had just given utterance: "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God." To say that Peter is the Rock is bad philology, bad philosophy, bad history, bad religion and bad common sense.

The Apostle was called *Petros*, a stone, because, on account of his brave statement of the great fundamental truth, he was a stone hewn out of the rock; just as Scipio was called *Africanus*, because he had traversed Africa, and just as Balboa was called *Pacificus*, because from the crags of Panama he first had seen the great Western Sea. This view is consistent with Scripture, for

other foundation can no man lay than hath been laid, which is Jesus Christ. It is also consistent with history, for in point of fact Christ, and not Peter, has been and is the foundation of the Christian Church. Had it been otherwise, the story of the Church would in all probability have been written in these words: "The rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon it, and it fell not because it was founded upon a rock." Thus the promise is fulfilled, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

2.—CHRIST STANDS ALONE IN HIS  
RELATION TO THE CHURCH.

Indeed He is alone everywhere; in His incarnation, in His unique life and character, in His passion, in His triumph over the grave, and in His intercession at the throne of the heavenly grace. That was a significant event which occurred on the Mount of Transfiguration where five of the most distinguished believers who ever lived were met in conference with Christ as to the decease which he was presently to accomplish for sinful men. The two sons of thunder were there and Peter himself; Moses, the representative of the Law, and Elijah, who stood for the historic line of Prophets. And when the luminous cloud had enclosed them and Jesus had appeared to them in garments white and glistering, it was Peter who said, "Lord, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee and one for Moses and one for Elias." "But he wist not what he said." The cloud vanished; Moses and Elijah went their way; "and they saw no man, but Jesus only." Jesus only! He is first, last, midst, and all in all. The saints in glory are at an infinite remove from Him. Mary, the virgin mother, was blessed among women, but she was a mere woman, after all. It was a grave rebuke that was administered to John in Patmos when he fell at the feet of the angel to worship

him. If ever a being, other than God Himself, was worthy of adoration, it was surely that strong angel who, with glowing face, had drawn the veil to reveal to the exiled evangelist his visions of the endless life. But when John would have accorded to him this honor, he recoiled with horror from it, saying, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets; worship God." This is why we Protestants have no saints in our calendar. This is why we have no *Ave Marias* in our liturgy. We believe that the word is imperative and final: "Worship God!"

3.—CHRIST IS ACCESSIBLE TO ALL.

We deny the need of any intermediaries between the soul and Him. His word is, "Come unto Me." The rending of the veil from the top to the bottom in the very hour when Jesus, dying, cried upon the cross, "It is finished!" meant that a new and living way was now opened into the holiest of all. Let priests and pontiffs and ecclesiastical principalities and powers of every sort now stand aside! Out of the way! The function of the Church and her ministers is not to guard the mercy-seat against the approach of the sinner, but simply to announce that Jesus waits to hear and comfort and strengthen and pardon and save him. Mediators? Oh no. Intercessors? Oh no. Confessors? Oh no. This is child's play, but with serious consequences. Out upon all such interference with the sovereignty of Christ in holy things. In the new dispensation of the Spirit every man is made a king and priest unto God.

II.—THE BIBLE

Here also we begin with a protest; a protest against the co-ordination of the Scriptures with any other writings on earth. The positive statement of our belief is this: "The Scriptures are the only infallible rule of faith and practice."

1.—WE BELIEVE IN THE INSPIRATION  
OF THE SCRIPTURES AS THE VERIT-  
ABLE WORD OF GOD.

It is not for us to closely define inspiration or declare the method of it. The Mohammedans can tell you precisely how the Koran was delivered to them. It had been recorded from all eternity on the tables beside the throne of God. In fulness of time it was transcribed by the angel Gabriel who caused it to be written on palm leaves, the shoulder blades of camels and on the breasts of men, and so placed before Mohammed's eyes and made current among men. But we cannot speak so clearly as to the manner in which our Scriptures came from God. It is quite enough for us to know that holy men wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We are satisfied with the assurance that all Scripture given by inspiration is profitable for us. The word is, *Theopneustos*; that is God-breathed. God breathed it.

2.—THE SCRIPTURES THUS DELIVERED  
STAND ALONE AS OUR INFALLIBLE  
RULE OF LIFE.

They are separated by their absolute truth and trustworthiness from all other books. We sometimes speak of the inspiration of Homer and Dante and Virgil and Shakespeare; it is hardly necessary to say, however, that their inspiration is of a totally different sort and implies no gift of infallibility. The holy men who were chosen to write Scripture were endued with power to declare without error the whole counsel of God. The touchstone of Scripture is inerrancy. There is a vast accumulation of apocryphal writings, traditions and pseudo-gospels which are not without historical value, but not to be mentioned in the same breath with the inspired Word. The man who denies the truthfulness of Scripture sets himself against the consensus of the Protestant Churches and is, so far forth, a rationalist. The Protestant Church asserts its

faith in Scripture as a true declaration of the divine will.

3.—THE SCRIPTURES ARE FREE AND  
OPEN TO EVERY MAN.

The Reformation began when Luther, rummaging through the library of the University at Erfurt, came upon a dusty copy of the Scriptures and opened it. He read there, "The just shall live by faith"; a truth which came to be known historically as the doctrine of a standing or falling Church. And still further he read, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these are they which testify of me." Here was the search-warrant placed by the Master in the hand of every believer, entitling him to read for himself and interpret for himself this revealed Word. In pursuance of that truth the Protestant Churches have multiplied the Scriptures in the vernacular until they are now circulated in more than three hundred various tongues and scattered over the world like leaves of the tree of life. We hold that all power is in this Word; power of conversion, as it is written, "The Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit;" the power of sanctification, as implied in our Master's pontifical prayer, "Sanctify them by Thy truth, Thy Word is truth;" the power of the world's ultimate deliverance, as it is written, "Go ye, evangelize," and again, "Preach the Word," and again, "As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and returneth not hither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

The last three hundred years are the glory of all history. At the beginning



of the sixteenth century the world was in darkness. The Scriptures were laid away in monasteries, where the monks were engaged in illuminating missals, chanting prayers and swinging censers. The people without, the unshod people under the shadow of the monasteries, were in midnight darkness. The truth in the open Scriptures flew abroad like Milton's angel with the flaming torch. Schools, hospitals and institutions of mercy were multiplied along the way. The people became a power. The world began to recognize the dignity of man. Light came not in a sun-burst, but, as it pierced the primeval shadows of chaos, glimmering and trembling, brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. So the world moves on, under the illuminating power of the Scriptures, toward the restitution of all things.

### III.—FREEDOM.

Here again we begin by protesting against the subjugation of the original mind and conscience to any other than God. Then we affirm the freedom of mind, conscience and heart; the voluntary principle in religion; the enfranchisement of the nations, and the deliverance of the race from spiritual bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

#### I.—THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE IS THAT OF PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Every man must answer for himself at the judgment bar. It is said that when our forefathers came together in the Continental Congress to consider the Declaration of Independence, there was a long silence. Why? They had before them a manifesto to which it was proposed to mutually pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, and for which they would be called to account, not *en masse*, but personally. It was not the Continental Congress, but John Adams, Roger Sherman, John Hancock, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and the other members of that Congress

who, one by one, must answer for the decision of that day. Well might they be silent. In like manner we face all the great duties of life. The thought of a personal judgment is thrown backward over all that we do.

#### 2.—WE CAN TAKE ORDERS ONLY FROM GOD.

In vindication of this principle the great battles of Protestantism have been fought. The glory of the recent history of civilization gathers about the Protestant Quadrilateral; the four peoples who have stood as in a solid square confronting the aggressions of ecclesiastical tyranny. The Waldenses, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold; the Beggars of Holland, at cost of home, treasure and life, facing the Spanish Fury; the Covenanters of Scotland, exiled from their churches, worshipping in conventicles among the hills and uplifting the banner "For Christ's Crown and Covenant;" and the Huguenots redenning the pavements of Paris and the soil of all France with their consecrated blood. These constitute the great battalion who, devoting themselves to death for the truth's sake, have liberated the nations of Christendom in refusing to receive orders from priest, presbytery, œcumenical council or ecclesiastical judicatory; from anywhere save the throne of God.

#### 3.—AND THIS ACCOUNTS FOR MODERN PROGRESS.

Lay down the map of Christendom and see how that progress has been limited by the boundaries of Protestant nations. The motto of the Protestant Church is not *Semper idem*, but *Nunquam idem*. There are only two great facts that abide ever the same. Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day and forever: yet all the world is ever catching new glimpses of the beauty of His face. The Scriptures, also, abide unaltered, because God sealed the Book with seven seals and marked it, "Finis." There

is no appendix, no addendum. The revelation was adjusted to the progress of all time. Nevertheless, as John Robinson said, there are new truths ever bursting forth from the Word. But between these two abiding facts, Christ and the Bible, the Church moves onward in new enterprises to ever greater conquests of faith. It is from the bell towers of the Protestant Churches that the announcement of progress is heard.

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky!  
Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true,  
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.  
Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

We say in the historic creed of the centuries, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Holy, because it magnifies the perfection of the life and character of the only begotten Son of God. Catholic, because its only rule of faith and practice is the Scripture which is adjusted to the needs of every soul of man. Indestructible, because it rests upon the eternal Rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

This is Protestantism. Its only pontiff is Christ, whose name is above every other which is named in heaven or on earth. Its only hierarchy is the procession of torch bearers, who go around to illuminate the dark places of cruelty and the habitations of death, and of reapers who come from harvest fields bringing their sheaves with them. Its only Book is that which was written by holy men who were moved by the Holy Ghost. And its only creed is that which is framed from the Scriptures by men sitting at the feet of Christ. Its grandest cathedrals are the lives of holy men, who realize their holy birth and destiny and who "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain." Its most fervent litany is this, "From all tyranny of

mind and conscience and heart, good Lord deliver us." Its grandest music is the breaking of chains, and its magnificent gloria is—*Ave Maria*, Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us? No! No! No! But this,

"And hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

### Dr. John Hall's Sermon.

We have printed in tract form the great sermon which the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, delivered at the Reformed Catholic Services in Masonic Temple last February. Its title is "Bible Reasons Why We Are Protestants." It is printed on fine paper in clear, open type, and with a portrait of Dr. Hall is a very attractive booklet. We wish to distribute this sermon as widely as possible, not only among Roman Catholics, who will learn from it what Protestant Christianity is, but also among Protestants who will find it an excellent summary of the reasons why they are Protestants and why they should not become Roman Catholics. Comparatively few Protestants become Romanists nowadays, and those few are those who run after something new in ritualism, but there are many who look upon the Roman Church as one of the Christian denominations, like the Episcopal Church, for instance, and think it should be let alone to do its own work. But if these careless and indifferent Protestants will read Dr. Hall's sermon they will learn that there is good reason in the Word of God for protesting against the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome which, like the commandments and traditions of the Pharisees, have made the Word of God of no effect for the people. As the price of the tract is merely nominal—one dollar for fifty copies, or 200 copies for \$3 00—we hope it will be widely circulated. Send orders to this office.

### CONVERTS FROM ROME.

THE number of priests who are withdrawing from the Roman Catholic Church increases every day. More and more will come out of that Babylon and accept the Gospel way of salvation and follow Christ as the Head of the Church, and the people will follow the priests. Our London contemporary, the *English Churchman*, recently noted the reception of four Catholics into an English Church, and in its issue of April 30, it reported that "After years of painful struggle in the vain endeavor to suppress doubts as to the infallibility and orthodoxy of the Church of Rome, the Abbe Bourrier, a distinguished French ecclesiastic, and Vicar of the Parish of St. Martin, Marseilles, has addressed a letter of abjuration to his Bishop."

#### CONVERTED IN A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

From the State of Maine comes this excellent letter from an Irish girl:

DEAR BROTHER:—I am sure you will be surprised at getting a letter from one whom you never saw or heard of. I have heard a great deal about you, and thought I would like to write and tell you that I am a converted Catholic like yourself. I came from the County Cork, Ireland, five years ago last April, and went to Saco, Maine. I went to live in a Protestant Christian family, and accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour. It was very hard for me at first to give up the Roman Church, all my people being still in that church, and it seemed strange to me to leave them.

But when I saw by the Word of God and by my own experience, that there was no reality in the forms and ceremonies of that church, I lost faith almost in everything. But praise God, I did not lose faith in Him. When I accepted Christ, I had to take the sneers and insults of every Roman Catholic

who knew me. After a while they left me alone—now they do not notice me at all—for which I am very thankful. I never took any notice of what they said to me, and only hope they too will come into the light of the Gospel of the Son of God.

I am so glad that Jesus will help us to do right if we ask Him. How blessed that we do not have to go to the priest to have our sins forgiven, but if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive, and His blood cleanseth us from all sin. I pity the poor Roman Catholic people that depend on priests for their eternal salvation. I often ask the question, whether the priests think they are right, and feel what they say and do is not sinful. Why, I have heard priests say things to me that were positively disgusting, and told me because they were priests, it was no sin. I know better now, thank God. I know of one priest that no girl or woman would dare to meet, except to go to confession to him; and only a few months ago, he had to leave his parish on account of his wicked, sinful life.

I sent to Ireland for my sister last September. She came to me, and when she found that I had left the Church, she was very angry. I thought if I could convince her of the truth, as it is in the Word of God, that she might see the difference. She saw that she was not right. But instead of submitting, she packed her trunk and went to Cambridge. I suppose she will never come to see me again.

Dear brother, I wish you would pray for her. I read your Magazine every month, and like it very much; it is very helpful to me. A friend in Jersey City sends it regularly. May God bless you in your good work.

Your sister in Christ,  
M. K.

May 18, 1896.

### How Did the Cardinal Die?

BY PAUL POLLACH, D.D., M.D.

A cablegram to the New York *Herald* from London, May 11, 1896, reports that the Rome correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphs that persistent rumors are in circulation that the death of Cardinal Galimberti, Prefect of the Pontifical Archives, was not due to natural causes. It is suspected that he was poisoned. An examination into the matter has been demanded.

Cardinal Galimberti finished his earthly career in Rome on May 6. He was sixty years old, but of a robust constitution, unmarred by disease, presenting in his appearance the vigor and elasticity of a well preserved manhood. I am sure that everybody who knew him personally must have felt the same surprise as I did when I read the unexpected news of his sudden death. The recollection of his features and his whole form rose spontaneously before the eyes of my mind, a picture of life, that seemed a striking contrast to the message of death, and unconsciously I wondered how that man with his powerful frame and unbroken health fell a victim to death just on the eve of an impending event in which he was undoubtedly destined to play a prominent part. I mean the election of the future occupant of the Pontifical throne. Pope Leo is still alive, but he has completed his eighty-sixth year, and the question of a successor is a timely and interesting subject for discussion in Rome and in the diplomatic circles everywhere.

The late Cardinal was a talented and scholarly man of keen intelligence and practical judgment. Until the year 1851, he occupied the chair of ecclesiastical history in the College of the Propaganda Fide in Rome, where I had opportunity to appreciate his personal character and ability in the class room. From the professorship he was only released to be promoted.

He was sent as Apostolic Delegate of the Pope to Vienna, Austria, where his skill and diplomatic ability won him the lasting favor of the Court. For his good services he was created a Cardinal in 1893, and since that time, living in Rome as member of several Papal Congregations, and as Prefect of the Pontifical Archives, he was incessantly active, using his influence in the Vatican to shape all affairs, where Rome's voice was required, in favor of the Imperial Austrian policy. Consequently he was regarded in Rome as the head of the party that is inclined to the wishes and plans of Austria and as such, considering his strong personality and energy, he was a dangerous man, especially for the party of the Jesuits whose policy he virtually and openly antagonized.

I do not know whether he desired the papal chair for himself; very probably he did, as every good cardinal does, having nothing else to hope for on this earth; neither do I claim that he had more and better chances to become Pope himself than apparently most of the other probable candidates. But his influence toward the election of a *persona ingrata* to the Jesuits was pronounced, and—he died suddenly, and rumors of poison are mixed with the voices of those who mourn for the dead Cardinal.

Who is to be blamed that such suspicions are not scorned, but rather presumed to contain the elements of truth, if we remember some dark tales of creeping treachery and horrible murder recorded in the pages of history? A few stories out of the many thousand would suffice to prepare a fertile ground for a rumor like this; for Shakespeare says:

"Who has a breast so pure  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?"

The deeds of darkness cannot bear the keen eye of the day. Will Rome survive? Let them reap what they have sown.

## REFORMED CATHOLIC SERVICES IN MASONIC TEMPLE.

A LECTURE ON MONASTIC LIFE BY PASTOR O'CONNOR.

THERE was a large attendance at the services in Masonic Temple, New York, April 12, when Rev. James A. O'Connor delivered the following lecture on "Monastic Life." He said:

The outside world knows nothing of the lives of the inmates of convents and monasteries. Even our Roman Catholic friends are ignorant of the inside workings of those institutions. They know not the sufferings their brothers and sisters are enduring behind the walls of these prisons where life is unchristian and unnatural.

I shall illustrate that life by bringing before you the sad experience of Father Sylvester Harrington, of the Passionist Order, whose prison-like monastery in Hoboken, N. J., towers above the waters of the Hudson River.

In April, 1894, the Rev. Dr. Stone, who was then pastor of Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, this city, called on me accompanied by a bright and comely-looking young man. That young man was Father Sylvester Harrington. He had met on the steamship from Europe, Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was returning from India. Father Harrington had opened his heart to the bishop, telling him the history of his life, his trials and his doubts, and the bishop introduced him to Rev. Dr. J. S. Stone, of the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, who thought best to bring him to me.

long conversation which we had together I told Father Harrington

what we were doing, that he was one of two scores of unfortunate priests, whom the mercy of God had directed to me and to whom I extended a brotherly hand, telling them to be of good cheer; that freedom awaited him, if he only would accept the grace of the good opportunity of learning to know Christ as his Saviour and friend. He felt happy; his spirit rose as from under a crushing burden, awakening gradually from the horrible illusions of his past life to a bright and happy future that seemed to lay before him.



SYLVESTER HARRINGTON.

He stood on this platform in May, 1894, and told a tale of woe and agony which filled everyone with compassion for the sufferings of a good young man, and amazement that such a state of things should exist in our free country. In speaking of "Monastic Life" I cannot better describe it than in the impressive words of Father Harrington when relating his experience in the monastery in Hoboken.

His narrative was the reflection of a tortured conscience and outraged manhood.

Father Harrington thus spoke of his own experience in the Hoboken Monastery from this platform, (Masonic Temple), Sunday evening, May 20, 1894:

"Now, picture to yourself a boy of fourteen years knocking at the convent gate seeking admission therein as a member of the holy brotherhood. The gloomy portals open and close behind him practically forever. It is true he is sometimes permitted to breath the



fresh air and catch a glimpse of the glorious summer fields and sunny sky; but, mark this, he is never allowed to go abroad alone for many years after his entrance. He is closely guarded by a keen eyed ecclesiastic, who watches his every movement and directs his every step. He must never raise his eyes from the ground, not even to look into the face of his companion—no, not even to look into the face of his own mother should he meet her on the street. Every night he is questioned by his director as to the number of faces he has seen, even inadvertently, during the day, and if he has looked upon more than five faces he is summarily penanced! More than this, he is tonguetied—he must not open his mouth to speak until the signal is given by the clerical watch-dog who is by his side.

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"In the monastery, he is taught that his body is the greatest enemy of his salvation, next to Satan himself; and that he must scourge and macerate and starve his delicate boyish frame into subjection to the spirit. Thrice a week, and during the penitential seasons of Lent and Advent four times a week; he must apply the cruel scourge to his tender back and limbs; and oh, Christian friends, what a tale I could tell of this cruel practice! I have heard the heavy blows of the self-inflicted scourge resounding through the corridors of the monastery! I have seen the floor and choir altar sprinkled with the blood of young boys, made almost insane by monastic fanaticism! I have seen displayed scourges with long and piercing thorns and sharp knife blades, still wet with blood shed the night before by a young monk, driven to his shocking self-torture by the word and example of men hardened and hoary in the perpetration of these deeds of fanatical imbecility!

'Nor is this the practice of a day or a year—it extends throughout the lifetime of a monk. Talk about your prisons and gaols and penitentiaries—why the sufferings and privation and loss of personal liberty in such places would be bliss in comparison to life in the Hoboken Monastery. I could go on for hours with descriptions of the means employed to bring the young monk into subjection. How he is compelled frequently to eat his meals on the bare floor in the public refectory in the presence of the whole community; how he is compelled to do the scullion's and chambermaid's work and scrub the floors; how he is forced to do penance by licking up the floor and dirt with his tongue; obliged to kneel and mumble prayers with his hands between his knees and the floor; forced to kiss the feet of his fellow-monks in the public refectory; made to prostrate himself full length before each monk while they stalk by him, or cast himself on his knees and beat his breast, calling upon them to pray for him, a miserable sinner.

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"When the novice is received into the order, he is conducted to the altar, where 'mid solemn rites and lighted tapers and many Latin prayers, a large black cross is put upon his shoulders and a crown of thorns upon his head and he takes upon himself three vows—poverty, chastity and obedience. I was but sixteen when I took these vows which were to bind me to the service of the monastery forever. The last vestige of freedom and liberty that was left me was sacrificed at that moment.

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I have a sister in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, on Seventeenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, in this city to-day, who would not be permitted to go across the street to visit her own father and mother, even though they were in the agonies of death and

begging in mercy to see the face of their child once more on earth ! More than this, she would not be allowed to go the same distance to look upon the poor dead face of her own mother though she were to beg this last consolation on her bended knees. For three years my beautiful sister dwelt in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and I was stationed during the same period at the Monastery in Hoboken, N. J., two miles across the river from here, and although I often implored my superiors to permit me to pay her a short visit, my prayers were coldly and harshly refused until shortly before leaving this county I obtained the necessary permission through the intervention of Archbishop Corrigan to whom I appealed.

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"I am sure that most of you will say with me, that it is a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century that such a relic of the dark ages could flourish and be tolerated in America to-day. I can only suppose that it is the broad spirit of toleration which characterizes American citizens that renders these things possible. Perhaps it is best so; but it is not improbable that in the future the assiduity and zeal that brought to light the cruelties of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages shall be brought to bear upon certain monastic institutions in this country in order to prevent, if nothing more, the ruin of the lives and prospects of many a bright American lad.

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"It is claimed that the door of the monastery is open to those who wish to depart; but this is only half true, for that door is so hedged around by spiritual, yea, and physical barriers, that it is rendered morally impossible to burst through them."

Father Harrington closed his lecture with these words : "To stamp out every

sentiment of true manhood ; to grind human nature into the very dust ; to humble and break the spirit of every unfortunate youth that comes within its clutches, is the object of monasticism. Am I not right then in concluding that this system is pernicious in practice, destructive of the very principles of freedom and, therefore, of true Christianity? "

This Monk tells us what monachism is and the kind of life monks lead behind the high walls of their monastery. In what do they differ from the monks of the pagan East, the disciples of Buddha? Dr. Pollach in his comparison of Buddhism and Roman Catholicism has described the Buddhist monk whom he met in Shanghai, whose ascetic figure, shaven head, floating robe, the prayer beads rolling between his fingers, recalled at once to his mind the model of a western monk. Indeed, monasticism, seems to have its earliest record in Buddhism. There is nothing new under the sun ; nothing new in the inborn inclination and propensity of human nature. The parallel between Buddhist and Christian monasticism is most striking. Even the relative numbers are wonderfully similar. The learned American historian, Henry C. Lea, who traces the origin of monasticism to Sakyamuni, the founder of Buddhism, states that in China in the seventh century, notwithstanding repeated persecutions, the number of monasteries was estimated at 3,716. Two hundred years later the Emperor Wo-Tsong ordered the destruction of no less than 4,600, and at present there are 80,000 Buddhist monks in the environs of Peking alone.

In the fourteenth century the city of Ilchi, in Chinese Tartary, possessed fourteen monasteries, averaging about 3,000 devotees in each, while in Thibet at the present time there are in the vicinity of Lhasa twelve great monas-

teries, containing a population of 8,000 lamas. In Ladak the proportion of lamas to the laity is as one to thirteen; in Spiti one to seven, and in Burmah one to thirty.

Now in our United States there are 10,000 Roman Catholic priests, 10,000 monks of various orders and grades and as many nuns. The latter are given to begging from house to house, just as are the monks in China.

They frequent the public offices on the days when the employees are paid their salaries; they invade the offices of private corporations and mercantile firms; and they can be seen daily entering the haunts of vice soliciting contributions for their various institutions. The saloon keeper and the bartender greet the pale-faced nun as she extends her hand for money which is stained with blood and tears and crime. We raise our voice in protest against such a degrading and shameful practice.

The physical and spiritual life of these monks is such as you have heard it described by Father Harrington. Their spirituality is wrapped up in some miserable penances which they inflict upon their bodies. I have here a scourge which they use in beating their naked bodies in punishment for their sins, torturing themselves for the glory of God instead of worshipping Him in spirit and in truth. We see what kind of spiritual perfection is taught these young men who unfortunately become novices in the monasteries. It is a perversion of the truth contained in the Gospels, a wrong conception of life here and the life to come. An idea of their mental condition can also be had by an examination of the models of sanctity proposed for their imitation. I have here a volume of the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, a doctor of the Church by the grace of Pope Pius IX. and a canonized saint. It is entitled "The Spouse

of Christ." Liguori praises St. Bernard because he was one year in a monastery and did not know what kind of ceiling was in his cell. St. Peter of Alcantara did not know his companions by sight, but only by their voice. St. Aloysius Gonzague, the protector of youth, never looked upon the face of his own mother.

What a perversion this is of the sublimest mystery of life, the most beautiful and sacred relationship of mother and child thus stamped with an infamous suggestion and cynicism. This is called virtue, that young man is a saint and the writer of this book is a saint, to whom men pray and whose intercession they are craving. Infamous doctrine and abominable practice!

The founder of the Passionists, the order to which Father Harrington belonged, was St. Paul of the Cross, who lived two centuries ago; a man whose biography is a compound of the most insane and ridiculous fables which an idle imagination ever invented.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Literary Note.

"Lectures on the Principal Doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church," by Rev. Gideon Aubin, Springfield, Mass., is a pamphlet recently published. Mr. Aubin is a converted Catholic who is doing good work as a missionary of the Baptist Church in Springfield. His pamphlet treats of—The Sacrifice of the Mass; The Worship of Mary; Auricular Confession; The Head of the Church; Baptism, Communion, Innovations and new Doctrines.

The argument presented against the errors and assumptions of the Papal Church are clear, positive, historical, and convincing. This little work is well adapted to reach and influence Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. This excellent pamphlet can be obtained only from the author. Price 25 cents.

## CARDINAL MANNING.

REVIEW OF HIS "LIFE."

SECOND ARTICLE.—MANNING'S FIRST LOVE.

AT the time of his death, and even many years before that event, very few Roman Catholics knew that Cardinal Manning had been married, and only his intimate friends had any knowledge of his love affairs. All Roman ecclesiastics endeavor to conceal such events in their lives. Mr. Purcell, his biographer, thus relates his first disappointment in love :

Whilst he was in the Colonial Office (London), Manning fell in love with the younger Miss Deffell. The attentions and attractions of a young man of such prepossessing manners and appearances were well received and responded to by the young lady. But 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' An angry father intervened and parted the happy pair in the heyday of their love-making. Besides entertaining eccentric views on the subject of marriage, Mr. Deffell was opposed to the match on the practical grounds that Mr. Manning's position in the Colonial Office and prospects in life were not such as to warrant proposals of marriage. The young lady's father—his dull eye not seeing visions of future greatness in Manning's brow—forbade a formal engagement, though permitting to the disconsolate lovers the consolation of correspondence.

Thus Henry Manning's first love affair came in the early summer to an untimely end; for love, at least a man's love, does not long thrive on mere letters. The woman was faithful unto the end to her first love; for Miss Deffell, though her elder sister married, lived and died for Manning's sake in single blessedness.

In so venerable and austere an ecclesiastic of a celibate church as Cardinal Manning, it was perhaps not unnatural to shrink with external sensitiveness from the avowal of human passions, which, in compiling or recording the reminiscences of his early life, might have seemed to him, and, perhaps, to many besides, out of keeping with his spiritual character. lofty aims, and ascetic appearance.

Unlike Faber Faber, Manning did not recognize, at least as yet, love's sorrows as a blessing in disguise. His spiritual eye was still unopened; he did not as yet see the pointing of God's finger; hear the call of the Divine voice; for in an unspiritual or human fashion he sought and found, a year or two later, consolation for love's first disappointment in marriage with another lady. (*Life of Manning*, Vol. I, 83, 84.)

## MANNING'S MARRIAGE.

All through his life as a Roman Catholic priest, bishop, and cardinal, Manning was ashamed to acknowledge that he had been married. His biographer says (p. 104):

On the 7th of November, 1833, Manning, Rector of Lavington, married Caroline, the third daughter of Mrs. John Sargent, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Sargent of Lavington House and Manor. The marriage ceremony was performed at Lavington Church by Samuel Wilberforce, then Rector of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, Manning and Wilberforce thus becoming brothers-in-law. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the Rev. John Sargent, the wedding was celebrated in a very quiet fashion. Manning and his wife took up their residence at Lavington Rectory. About his marriage Cardinal Manning always observed a singular reticence. In his Anglican days, the death of his wife produced in his heart and whole nature a grief so profound and abiding, as to forbid even the mention of her name. As a priest and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, he never alluded to his marriage, either because the fact of his having once been a married man was personally painful; or because he feared that the common knowledge of his early marriage, strange as it may seem, might produce, somehow or other, among his Catholic flock, especially priests, monks, and nuns, an unpleasant impression derogatory to his high ecclesiastical dignity and position. So effectually was the story of his marriage suppressed, that on his death, Catholics with one or two exceptions, as well as the general public, knew nothing about his married life. In all the late Cardinal Manning's letters innumerable, in his journals,

diaries, note books, and memoranda; in his most intimate communications, not the remotest allusion is made to his marriage, except in one brief record written obviously for after publication, about the year 1880. This autobiographical note may be aptly described as Manning's *Apologia pro matrimonio suo*. It is as follows:—

"In May, 1833, Mr. Sargent, Rector of Lavington and Graffham died, and the livings were given to me. At that time I was as ignorant of the Catholic Church—of its faith, its priesthood, its councils, its instincts—as the dead. I was never opposed to the Catholic Church, for I had not been reared in that way. I knew absolutely nothing about it. I had grown up as an Englishman, and had turned with all my soul to God, and had given up political life for his service. In this state of mind and light, knowing nothing of the Catholic life, or instincts, or perfections; in November 1833, I married, and in July 1837, found myself again in the state in which I have been for more than forty years."

In a foot note to this passage, the biographer says:

In his "Reminiscences," written late in life, Cardinal Manning seems to have "caught on" to the idea that in resigning his clerkship in the Colonial Office, he was giving up "political life," whereas, in reality, he was only giving up civil service. For the Colonial Office is no more a school for politics than the Foreign Office or Somerset House, or the Post Office. His chance of entering into political life was lost by his father's bankruptcy in 1831. "Politics," as the Cardinal himself said in regard to his own case, "without a penny in one's pocket, is a bad trade."

In other parts of the biography, Mr. Purcell shows clearly that Manning had preached against the Roman Catholic Church while he was an Anglican minister looking for promotion and advancement in the Church of England. But inconsistency was the least of Manning's faults. The truth is, he wished to conceal the fact of his marriage which, he thought, would interfere with his advancement in the Roman Church. His

biographer declares that he was inordinately ambitious and utterly unscrupulous in the use of the means to attain his ends; witness his opposition to Newman, of whom he was insanely jealous. Manning expected to be Pope of Rome, like the other Englishman, Nicholas Brakespeare, who as Adrian IV. sold Ireland to Henry II., King of England for what has ever since been called "Peter's Pence"—a penny from every family in Ireland. When Henry invaded Ireland, armed with Adrian's bull, he collected the penny—and much more, and Ireland is still paying tribute to England and Rome. If Manning had become Pope he would seek to make England also pay tribute to Rome.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Last of Home Rule.

The New York Herald, May 20, 1896, had the following editorial:

The impending dissolution of the coalition between the English liberals and the Irish nationalists is announced from London. The Irish have cut loose from their quondam allies on the new Ministerial Education bill. The bill promises a grant to Roman Catholic schools, and the Irish Catholics naturally vote for it, and their votes sent the government majority up to 252 on a test issue.

The nonconformists, not less, naturally, are furious. Popery is a thing they cannot abide, and they like it less in educational matters than in most others. They accuse their Irish friends of ingratitude, and threaten not indistinctly to renounce home rule once for all. Home rule has been dead since 1892.

The Irish nationalists, meantime, have done what they could to discredit their own cause and to disgust the English people. Their wrangles and squabbles, their abuse of each other, their inability to agree upon any method of political co-operation, their jealousies, their furious personalities, their manifest preference of the interests of one section of home rulers to the cause of home rule itself, and their glaring and continual exhibition of political incapacity, sealed their own doom.



## ROMAN CATHOLIC SEMINARIES.

BY PAUL POLLACH, D.D., M.D.

## IV.

THE system of education adopted and observed in Roman Catholic seminaries derives its methods partly from the ancient views and traditions of those bygone ages when scholastic theology ruled supremely in all questions pertaining to the religious as well as to the civil life, partly from the gradually developing and infiltrating doctrines of the Jesuits, who insensibly succeeded in their designs and laid strong hands upon the seminaries everywhere, either directly as teachers of the students, or as authors of text books, occupying now almost universally the important office of educators, and instilling their principles into the minds and hearts of those young men who are destined to form the Catholic clergy of the future.

The progress of time and civilization or national and local differences are very insignificant factors and bear almost no reforming influence at all upon the petrified and stereotyped forms of priestly education. Just as imperial Rome absorbed the world transforming the conquered nations into citizens of Rome, so does papal Rome, preserving the old instincts, endeavor to transfuse, if possible, the Roman spirit into those who are subject to her power, and requires unconditionally that at least the bishops and priests under her sway shall submit to such a denationalizing metamorphosis, and therefore begins to acclimatize them as early as possible for Rome, so that the presumption or rather deduction is justified, that a good Roman Catholic bishop or priest, and in many respects a good Catholic layman, must have a difficult task to be good patriotic citizens of their country, if they be not endowed to a certain extent with an amphibious nature.

The plan of education includes meas-

ures naturally adapted for all sides and aspects of the future life of the priest, because the young man is entirely under the control and direction of the seminary, and his whole individuality is supposed to be reached and remodeled; nevertheless, practically, the efforts are concentrated in a double focus, as all the means applied serve to carry out a two-fold purpose, that is, the religious and the intellectual training.

But between the theory and real life, there is a gulf, and a solid ferry is needed to pass across. The office of this new Charon, appointed to lead the young souls from the sunshine of the living among the dead shadows of the past is consigned and entrusted to the "Rules."

No society or community of human beings can exist for any length of time without laws and regulations, because a society represents a moral entity or being and as such it must be governed by one object and one will, like an individual, a condition, without which order and society itself are impossible. But no society has a right to make laws that alter or modify the subjects to such a degree as to suppress, absorb, and denaturalize the individual character and to deface the two inalienable poles of human nature, freedom and intelligence. Laws are therefore necessary, good and sacred as long as they are directed to the preservation of the social organism in which to each individual member an opportunity is offered to be benefited and elevated, so that his inborn dignity be rather raised and perfected than invaded, vitiated and disfigured. Laws which penetrate into the sanctuary of nature, despoiling her of her majesty, are bad and sacrilegious.

The students in the Roman seminaries are governed by rules, and it is evidently necessary that they should

conform to a common course of conduct. But even a superficial study of these rules would convince anybody, who is not altogether biased and prejudiced, that they are intrinsically morbid and corrupt and unfit to produce a healthy, useful and virtuous member of society, much less a spiritual leader of men; a stringent conclusion, flowing from undeniable premises, which everybody will draw for himself, if he examines the seminary rules either from a general point of view or each rule separately.

First, these rules were conceived and formed by men who looked at the outside world through the colored glass windows of their churches. They were formed and sanctioned substantially in the middle ages and thus cannot but transmit and perpetuate the spirit which they embody and of which they are the intended channel. They are the mummy preserving balm, the chalk, whitening the sepulchres, and the ruins of the dark ages. Progress, as the eagle's flight, is the glorious privilege of man on earth, but Rome glories in never changing, and her priests are taught how to live in the past. Therefore they have always with hateful anger shaken their head and fist at everything that is new, and they have no other answer for the triumphant genius of advancing time than the would-be martyr cry of Pius IX.: *Non possumus*. But it is necessary for man, as Madame de Stael says, "to look forward, as well as backward, as some think it always necessary to regulate their conduct by things that have been done of old times. But the past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present, was itself founded on an alteration of some past, that went before it."

A teacher, imbued with the old truths, which remain new forever, possesses all the inheritance of the past that ought to become his own. He is a bad teacher if he is filled, as a man, with the spirit of

the past instead of being adapted for the present, because he is then retrogressive, an enemy of progress, and, like a remora, impeding the exploring vessel of humanity to glide through the ocean of life. The very fashion of the dress, which the students are obliged by the rules ostensibly to wear, stamps them as people belonging to forgotten times. The prayers they are reciting, the books of devotions they are ordered to read, the examples of virtue and perfection set before them for imitation, are taken from the unintelligible past. By their rules they are obliged to place their perfection in an absurd and stupid contempt of the advantages and improvements of modern civil life, such a disposition being called "spirit of sacrifice, mortification of the flesh, and true piety" They are forbidden all sorts of communication with the world around them, and even their letters have to pass through the hands of the Superior, and the students of one division are not even permitted to speak with those of another class. Hence the outside world remains to them a closed book which they are taught to despise. Everything which the world contains and achieves, is sophistically identified with "the world," condemned by the Gospel and is branded as loss, and the ignorance all pertaining to this world is praised as innocence and simplicity. The wonderful extension and rapid increase of science and human knowledge and its fast growing branches are unknown objects in Roman seminaries, or only so superficially treated that they are not worth while mentioning. Instead of planting and cultivating the grain of mustard seed, spreading into the vigorous tree of proficient learning, the seminary rules foster and caress the parasite tares of worthless theological puzzles and bewildering curiosity, which once were flourishing, but now are buried in oblivion and their names ignored among thinking men. The young

priest, that is, the chemical compound, prepared by the decomposing action of the rules resembles in his habits, inclinations, views and information an old statue standing amidst his contemporaries, centuries behind his age, whom he will try to assimilate to himself, though he cannot understand the men of his time better than the encrusted victims of Pompey.

This dangerous and contagious misconception of time is one reason why those rules cannot produce a good man, a good citizen, and a good teacher.

The second reason, based likewise on a general or extrinsical evidence, may be found in the prodigiously excessive number of these rules. Every possible action is contemplated; every span of time from morning until night is registered and disposed of. All occupations are scrupulously defined and prescribed. The obligations and various duties at home, in church, in school, in the streets, and the intercourse with others, are explicitly determined, and even the internal individual dispositions, volitions, relations and in some manner even the thoughts and the manner how to perform the things commanded, are drawn into the circle of legislation.

An education, inspired by this despotism principle of a stern absolutism surrounding the young mind on all sides with the iron walls of necessity, will bear, if successfully carried out, the poisonous fruit of a dwarfed mind, a machine resembling a human being, a living corpse that walks and acts on the stage according to the prestidigitator's will and direction. To render his subjects obedient as corpses, *sicut cadaver*, is the avowed aim, the highest purpose of the rules of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, whose conception of perfect Christian obedience elevated the criminal maxim of mental suicide to the dignity of a signet and pattern for sanctity. To become like a corpse in the

hands of his Superior must be the ambition of a good Jesuit, and to teach it wherever there is an opportunity, besides practicing it himself, is an incumbent duty. No wonder, if with the prevailing Jesuitical doctrines in all Roman Catholic seminaries that favorite axiom, *sicut cadaver*, found in some way a sympathetic expression in the seminary rules.

The superabundant number of rules and laws is always in every community the sign of internal disorder. "When the State," says Tacitus, "is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied." But such corruption is fatal and deadly when the last life spark of the sacred flame of liberty is extinguished by the ashes of multiplied codes and precepts; not to mention the demoralizing effect of a multitude of laws, a great number of which must degenerate into dead letters only existing to burden the conscience of the transgressor.

A third general reason, showing the insufficiency of seminary rules to educate useful men, and especially men pretending to occupy the important public position of spiritual leaders, may be seen in the fact, that the rules are indiscriminately applied and enforced on all students without regard to age, inclinations or talents. These are simply considered as a flexible material which either assumes sooner or later the desired shape or is thrown aside if the manipulations fail to prove successful. Under such circumstances even an extraordinary talent is liable to perish, because laden with the fatuous mummies of interminable childish ordinances it must sink to the bottom of the dead sea, although as a talent, it ought naturally swim above the heavy water of Roman ecclesiastical intelligence.

There is no doubt that the rules, regulating and moulding the life of the future priest, are dictated by Rome bearing the clear tendency to produce

subjects and blind slaves of the Pope, regardless of origin and nationality. Every Roman bishop and priest can therefore be regarded as a foreign element in his country, a wirepole connecting it with Rome. This mechanism of the rules works plainly enough to be easily understood by everybody. It is nothing but a natural consequence or a link in the well known pretensions of Rome. But why is it necessary to impose and practice rules which were formulated by men of distant ages who were living in a world of their own imagination, a world partly created by their perverted ideals? Why is it necessary to prescribe rules to-day remounting to the dark ages which they professedly approve and revive and the spirit of which they would, if possible, restore universally to its former influence and power? Why is such an excessive accumulation of laws required to train intelligent young men for a distinguished position in life?

The reason is, because the system and doctrines of Rome have no internal life force, that would naturally keep pace with the spirit of time and the growing knowledge of truth, so as to make them intrinsically independent of time—strong and fearless. They are defeated by the rising genius of liberated humanity and they fear its sword, because they know that the only mercy to be expected is to hope for no mercy: *Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.*

The Roman system has nothing in its own bosom to satisfy the requirements of the time, and therefore it clings with spasmodic energy, like a drowning man, to its old traditions and crystalized forms of existence. But the origin, the antiquity and the number of those rules will avail nothing to save the system in the coming age, as long as those rules are intrinsically unfit to create good and useful men and true spiritual teachers. This they cannot accomplish, because

it is sufficient to inquire into them specifically and to examine their quality in order to arrive at the conclusion, that these rules must crush the spirit of any young man, must dwarf his mind, pervert his views of life; that they are rather capable of being the legitimate parents of hypocrisy and treachery; that they are anti-hygienic and inimical to urbanity and good common breeding, and leading almost inevitably to ignorance, moral laxity, immorality, superstition and infidelity.

### Selling Holy Candles.

Those who have read Father Kolaszewski's experience with his hierarchical superior will readily understand why a Catholic priest may be punished for acting just as good people expect him to act, and that he may commit with impunity things which are vulgar and criminal. A Polish Roman Catholic priest in a city not one hundred miles from Cleveland had a large quantity of candles which he had received on candle-mass day (February 2), and being in need of money, he set his wits to work to dispose of them. He called prophecy to his aid by circulating the rumor among the people that on March 18, the end of the world would come, and that everything would be destroyed by fire except those houses where a "blessed candle" would be lighted. When this became known, the Polish people came in great numbers to the priests house asking anxiously for the blessed candles and paying a dollar for each one. The cunning priest did such a large business that he had to renew his supply of candles at twenty cents a pound and bless them in a hurry to satisfy his customers.

Of course the end of the world has not come yet; (perhaps he may say, on account of his prayers); but that will not hurt his reputation with the people or the bishop. Indeed the latter will lay claim to a part of the proceeds of the robbery and dub the priest a smart fellow.

## WORKING MIRACLES IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

TO multitudes of Catholics the regular devotions of their church do not always suffice. They hanker after something more stirring, more directly compelling—signs, portents, miracles, to demonstrate beyond controversy that theirs is the only true creed. This tendency has made itself felt as long as the Catholic Church has been in existence; but quite naturally it is only from the age of the Reformation, when doubt and debate manifold grew irrepressible—came, so to speak, to stay—that an almost continuous line of its manifestations may be traced down through the centuries to the present day.

The more important ones of the revelations occurring during the nineteenth century have all had a political bearing; or, if they did not have one from the start, they were soon made to develop it, under judicious training. From the days of the first French revolution throughout Catholic countries there have never been wanting fervent minds that felt themselves impelled to deliver alleged messages from God, chiefly directed against the efforts of the Governments to check the secular power of the Catholic Church.

While each case possesses its individual characteristics, a certain sameness in what might, perhaps, be styled the managing of the celestial machinery may everywhere be perceived. Generally the beginning is that to a pious child, or equally holy grown woman, a revelation is suddenly vouchsafed. The virgin is the most apt to appear; but angels are also known to have materialized. In the official, or semi-official, reports the receiver of the supernatural communications is invariably represented as highly surprised at this great honor, and totally unprepared for it. But wherever there is a chance to get at the past history of the "medium"—to use the hyp-

notic expression—one never fails to discover that for years he, or she, had been in surroundings that would of necessity predispose a childlike believer for the sort of revelation that ultimately occurred. Thus the devotion to the Sacred Heart had been a hobby with the Jesuits a good while before one of their spiritual children, Mary Margaret Alacocque, heard the Lord Himself order her to become its apostle. And it would be as well to say right here, that the present writer for one, feels convinced that wilful deceit or imposture rarely, if ever, enters as factor of any considerable importance in the beginnings of these phenomena. The simple soul that imagines itself the recipient of revelations as a rule acts in perfect good faith—at the outset. It is not until later, when the "bosses"—pardon the word—take the matter in hand that the judicious admixture of a little pious fraud here and there becomes apparent. And the "bosses"—the political active ecclesiastics—only step in if the revelations are gaining more than local fame, and the political hour and atmosphere seem to call for some sort of supernatural interference.

Whether or not the revelations just now taking place at Paris may be turned to church-political purpose, will depend on sundry conditions not here to be enumerated. But I shall here give an account of a typical and highly instructive case, derived from a Catholic source, of which more presently.

It was on Saturday, September 19, 1846, that Massimin and Melanie, respectively eleven and fourteen years of age, were tending sheep near La Salette, a mountain in the western Alps, not far from the Italian border. It was the eve of the feast of the Seven Dolors of Mary, one always used by the clergy to enjoin devotion to the Virgin, who suffered and still suffers so much for the



sake of mankind. All of a sudden the children beheld a lady, surrounded by a brilliant light, sitting on a stone. The children's description of her dress tallies strikingly with the customary outfit of images in European continental churches, especially those in country parishes. It is ten to one that the Madonna in the chapel of La Salette had a small chain with instruments of torture about her neck, and that she wore a yellow apron, as did the lady on the stone, according to Massimin and Melanie.

Here is what the lady said to the children :

"If my people will not obey, I am forced to let free my Son's arm. It is so strong and heavy that I can no longer retain it. If I wish to prevent my Son from abandoning you, I must pray incessantly. . . . Whatever you may do, you shall never be able to compensate all my solicitude for you. If the harvest is spoiled, it is through your own fault. Last year I wished to make you understand this by the rottenness of the potatoes, but you paid no attention to this. On the contrary, when you found your potatoes spoiled, you swore, and mixed the name of my Son with your oaths. Your potatoes shall rot so fast that for Christmas you shall have no more ! Worms shall destroy your wheat ! The little that will grow shall be reduced to dust at the thrashing. A great famine shall come. Your chestnuts shall be spoiled, and your grapes shall rot !"

So far the Virgin had spoken like a plain, sensible woman, doubtless echoing what the good parish priest had been telling his people Sunday after Sunday—to stop swearing, or else Heaven would spoil their crops. But in the report it is added that after the speech just quoted, the Virgin whispered into the ears of each child "a secret," which she made them promise not to divulge until much later.

In good truth, the boy Massimin somehow appears to have got into the revelation business by mistake. The Virgin spoke much longer to Melanie than to him, and what has been published as her whispered information to him, is but mildly exciting. But with Melanie it was quite different; she was manifestly cut out for a prophetess. Her biographer tells us that on her meeting with the Virgin becoming known, she was "placed under the care of pious and prudent religious teachers," and soon entered a convent. The question of the "prudence" of her spiritual guides is, however, a moot one. The Imperial Government sent her into exile twice—she seemed to have returned once without permission, and if she hasn't died recently, she is probably still at Castellamare, near Naples, whence several of her letters are dated.

Her trouble was that she kept meddling in politics, denouncing Napoleon for not taking up the cudgels for the Pope with more vim, and penning letters to prominent people whose actions did not suit her. "I never liked Napoleon," she avers in one of her letters; and in another she remarks: "I have written to M. Thiers. Worse for him." Her biographer also prints what purports to be a "manifestation" of her "secret," written in 1870 at Castellamare, and adds that as early as 1851 she sent another account of it sealed "in a sealed letter" to the Pope. It is probable, that at an early date Melaine did not recall quite as many details as were later gradually elicited from her memory by events corresponding to them, and maybe, by the suggestions of those "prudent" individuals under whose guidance her life was spent.

To ordinary readers, the apocalyptic nonsense of Melanie's "secret," in Garibaldi's figure as "a precursor of Antichrist," is of far less interest than the manifest proof furnished by her let-

ters, that at a certain period priests of her church endeavored to have her play a political part. As is well known, for years after the founding of the third French Republic, the monarchist parties, with their several clerical supporters, did not leave off plotting and scheming against the Government. It is an equally well-established fact, that at one time the Count of Chambord, "Henry V," had considerable chances of being proclaimed King of France. Now when one examines, together with Melanie's letters, the life of another prophetess, Palma Maria Addolorata Matarelli—for short, Palma d'Oria—which may be found in the same book, one's attention will soon fasten upon a certain Abbe Brandt. This clergyman seems to have spent most of his time flitting about from Frohsdorf, where he "saw Henry V. three hours," to Oria, where "he conversed twice with the holy widow Palma," and from Rome, "where he was admitted to a private audience with the Holy Father, during at least two hours," to Castellamare, where he was with Melanie no less than half a day!

All this was conspiracy pure and simple. Palma d'Oria foretold downright the return to France of a "Henry V.," and as far as one may see, it was the intention to have Melanie reveal "the remainder of the secret"—she had still some left, even after the letter of 1870—at the moment when such a revelation would be apt to strike most effectively the mercurial minds of the French masses. It may be considered as beyond all doubt that there would have been a good deal about the Count of Chambord in the "remainder."

The work upon which I have been drawing is entitled "The Christian Trumpet; or, Provisions and Predictions about Impending General Calamities, the Universal Triumph of the Church, the Coming of Antichrist, the Last Judgment, and the End of the World."

It is "compiled by Pellegrino, a missionary priest," with "Superior's permission," and published by Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston. The copy here used bears on its title-page "Sixth Edition;" but I am told there are several further editions. And small wonder; for it is a hugely interesting book. My scanty extracts are far from doing justice to the wealth of its contents. Besides those of Melanie and Palma Addolorata, there are accounts of David Lazzaretti, on whose forehead St. Peter has impressed a star, "visible to all men," and who, many people think, will be the next King of France, and of ever so many other holy men and women. One may also here learn all about Antichrist. An "extraordinary French lady of eminent and solid virtue," declares that "passing through a certain city, and having to stop at some hotel, she saw a woman with her son, about twelve years old. As soon as the boy perceived the French lady he was seized with a violent colic." . . . Whereupon his mother, rather incautiously one would think, informed the extraordinary lady that her son—was Antichrist!

Will it be believed that copies of this book are used extensively by American Catholic colleges and academies as prizes? That, in fact, year after year American children carry to their homes this rubbish, to be devoured by themselves and their relations? So it is—the copy before me was awarded to a pupil of one of the leading boys' schools in the Archdiocese of New York; and I am informed that there is a constant demand for "The Christian Trumpet" for similar purposes.

It is here that I would take issue with my Roman Catholic friends. How can they fail to see that by encouraging such publications as the "Trumpet" they play into the hands of their enemies who are just now more vigorously than ever clamoring about Roman Catholic

hatred of republican institutions, and the like? Personally, I do not believe in the justice of this clamor; but I am unable to deny that it might with some semblance of right be claimed to be borne out by the fact that a book like the one I have just been reviewing is extensively circulated by American Church authorities. However, I would rather emphasize that while "The Trumpet" may be exceptionally strong, as regards political ravings, it is easily matched, for utter absurdity, by a host of kindred publications. There is, for instance, that gem of unconscious grotesque humor, "The Life of Sister Mary St. Peter"—also a popular prize book. It records the antics of a "simple little girl," who styled herself "the little Ass of the Lord," being only over modest in characterizing her asininity as "little."

To wind up: Be the political aspects of the matter what they may, what I have here presented to the reader certainly more than justifies those Americans who, while earnestly deprecating all encroachments upon the rights of their Catholic fellow-citizens, yet view with anxiety and suspicion the attempts to establish, on large and lasting grounds, a system of exclusive Catholic education. — *New York Independent*, April 30, 1896.

### **Mobbing A Catholic Bishop.**

The following despatch was published in all the daily papers under various headings. Some, like the *New York World*, had it: "Bishop Kicked in Church," others said "Bishop and Priest Set Upon," and "Mobbing a Bishop and Priest." The fact is that the bishop and priest were violently assailed by their own parishioners—all Roman Catholics—who have no respect for them and do not need their absolutions or ceremonies. Those Polish Catholics of Bay City ought to have the Gospel preached to them by American

Christians who are sending missionaries to the ends of the earth. The despatch is as follows:

BAY CITY, Mich., May 10, 1896 :— Bishop Richter of Grand Rapids and Father Matkowski, pastor of St. Stanislaus Polish Church of this city, were pounced upon by the Father Turski faction of the church congregation and badly used up this morning.

Father Matkowski was struck several times, and his cassock and surplice were torn to shreds. The bishop was kicked by an enraged Pole, but not seriously injured. His robes were also torn.

St. Stanislaus Church was closed two weeks ago, when the adherents of Father Turski, Father Matkowski's assistant, drove the senior priest from the parish. It was believed that the trouble had blown over, and that the alleged exposure of Turski's attempt to blackmail Father Matkowski had caused the Poles to desire the return of their old pastor.

Bishop Richter and Father Matkowski opened the church this morning and ordered the sexton to toll the bell. The peals brought hundreds of excited people to the church. They set upon Bishop Richter and the priest and drove them from the building.

A few of the Matkowski faction attempted to preserve the clergyman from indignity, but were overpowered. The police and Sheriff's force were called out, but were unable to quiet the row. The church was locked and Bishop Richter and Father Matkowski were escorted to a place of safety.

Bishop Richter said to-night that he would open the church on next Sunday. Police protection will be given him by Mayor Wright. There was hot talking in the Polish quarter to-night, and it is feared that an attempt will be made to burn the church and convent before morning.

**SACERDOS VAGABUNDUS; OR, THE TRAMP PRIEST.**

BY REV. J. H. O'BRIEN, FORMERLY VICAR-GENERAL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC  
DIOCESE OF FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

**INTRODUCTION.**

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;  
But were we burden'd with like weighty pain,  
As much or more, we should ourselves complain.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE following pages, we hope, will make both instructive and interesting reading, particularly for Roman Catholic bishops and priests. We demonstrate and give undeniable and incontrovertible proofs of how a great Christian Church, the Roman Catholic, is undermining and gradually destroying itself, and mortally wounding the cause in which it claims the greatest interest, viz.: the eternal salvation of souls. And this is the result of a system of discipline, which we show in its effects to be damnable. We write in the interest of a numerous class of clergymen who have been utterly ruined, temporally and eternally, by the discipline practiced in the Roman Catholic Church; and though we may not succeed in alleviating their miseries, we hope to save others, priests and students, who are on the same road to ruin, by warning them in time, and teaching them the way to save themselves from like destruction. We show how the bishops, having assumed unto themselves all authority, make laws to suit their own humors, and govern and control the Church, and promote, ordain, suspend and excommunicate just as it best suits their purposes, without regard to law, justice or charity, their own wills being sufficient warrant unto themselves for their proceedings. We give examples of the high-handed abuse of the laws of discipline and of Canon law. Where bishops without pretext of investigation or pretence of trial, suspended and excommunicated priests and laymen and like

cruel Turks gave no better satisfaction for it than that it was their own will to do so. We have hunted up statistics and clearly show that there are upwards of two thousand priests of all degrees and ages, from him who formerly held the position of Vicar-General down to the newly ordained young man who had not time to celebrate his first mass, suspended, and now wandering the country as tramps, because they have no means of support, being deprived of the only position for which they were suited by education and previous training. We make no apology for what some may be pleased to style, strong language, nor for our severe censure of the arbitrary and illicit use of the Episcopal authority practiced by the majority of our bishops. We are sorry that we are not capable of expressing our condemnation of their unchristian and tyrannical acts in as severe language as they merit. We would be glad if we could draw the attention of every American Catholic and Protestant to a matter which so nearly touches all as does this of religion and morals, the very foundation of which is threatened by two thousand educated tramps, priests of the oldest Christian Church, men, as these pages prove, capable of the most horrible sacrilege, and who, wherever they go, from city to city and village to village, leave the unmistakable trail of their scandals, and the natural consequence thereof,—scandalized Catholics perverted to infidelity.

Catholic Bishops are busy as land speculators, as bankers, as directors, and proprietors of fruit canning establishments, of furnaces and foundries, as farmers; in a word busy about anything whereby they may enrich themselves, while they grossly neglect the spiritual

welfare of their dioceses, and to their shame and discredit be it said, that while they have bravely served mammon and acquired untold wealth, their dioceses are bankrupt.

Inexperienced men and foreigners sneak into the Episcopal office and at once issue decrees and pastorals, proclaiming the wonderful things they are about to do, and pride themselves beforehand on the improvements, spiritual and temporal, which must necessarily follow the appointment of such great, learned and virtuous men as they esteem themselves. But alas for human prognostications! In few years we find these men deep in worldly affairs, whilst their dioceses are the least of their care; in fact the result is a bankrupt diocese and a dozen or two of tramp priests.

We know a Roman Catholic Bishop who publicly excommunicated a poor layman because having lent all his money and mortgaged his homestead to help build a church, he had the temerity to sue the Bishop in order to get back enough of his own to keep his wife and children from starvation. Every accusation made against Bishops in these pages we are prepared to prove, either by their own handwriting or the evidence of living witnesses. Will our work do any good? We hope it will. Bishops will see that their conduct is as liable to criticism, and their wrong doings to censure, as are the actions of laymen. The day is past when the purple cassock could conceal the Bishop's faults, and they have no one to blame for it but themselves, since they have made such glaring blunders that he must indeed be blind who cannot see them. The priests who suffer from the tyranny of the Bishops are themselves the cause of their unfortunate condition. Their dissensions and uncharitable exaggerations of each other's faults and misfortunes place them in the Bishop's power. They have no charity for each other. They

mock at others' misfortunes which should rather cause them to look into their own lives and see if they might not discover errors and evil habits in themselves which need correction, and which, if publicly known, would place them on an equal footing with, or maybe far beneath the subjects of their raileries.

This want of fraternal feeling for one another, the anxiety to get ahead, and to be counted greater and of more consequence in the diocese, their boorish apeing of aristocratic airs, their self-importance, their tyrannical treatment of their poor parishioners, their total neglect and entire forgetfulness of the object for which they were ordained—these are the very things that place the rod of iron in the Bishop's hands, and leave no chance of complaining, and no friends to compassionate them, when he kicks them out. Had they been faithful to one another, they could have appealed to their brother priests to sustain them in their rights, and in place of being suspended, they united could keep the Bishop within lawful bounds of his authority. If he exceeded this, it would not be difficult for them to cause his deposition. But now when they are on the tramp for their daily bread, they may console themselves by calling to mind the opinions they expressed formerly when they were in good standing of the unhappy priests to whom a like misfortune had befallen, and they may solace themselves with the reflection, that when suspended priests had appealed to them for assistance, they slammed the door in their faces, and now they can rest assured that their brother priests with whom they feasted yesterday and the day before, will be no more lenient with them, but will coldly refuse to recognize them.

'Twas fate they said, a wayward fate,  
Our chain of discord wove;  
For while our tyrants joined in hate,  
We never joined in love.



## CHAPTER I.

The tramp-priest was once the fair-haired boy and pet of his parents, the beloved of his relations, the chosen of all to serve God at His altar. The best of everything that their means could afford was procured for him. His first going to college was a great event. There were the little presents from friends; the mother's parting, her grief, yet joy in the hope of some day seeing him a priest; the letters to and from the college, when he has arrived, filled with affection and news of progress made; and the steps advanced toward the grand object which fill expectant hearts at home with rejoicing. Years, such as fill up the college boy's experience, pass, and now his examinations over, his trials and troubles, as he fondly hopes, are ended; and at twenty-three, with a fair knowledge of book-learning, he is ordained priest. But he has not a particle of worldly wisdom, for all along it has been the great concern of his pious teachers, while promoting his theological studies to keep him from all intercourse with the outside world. Newspapers are interdicted, correspondence restricted, and every means taken to keep from him a knowledge of what is going on outside the college walls. Hence, on taking his place in society after his ordination, he is as innocent of its ways as a boy of twelve. His Bishop, however, makes no allowance for this, but requires from him the simplicity of the dove, combined with the cunning of the serpent. Heretofore his companions have been like himself. He trusted in them, for he knew them; his faults were excused or hidden by them—they were so much like their own. Unfortunately he is not transformed by his ordination. He is the same lively, good natured, open hearted fellow he was among his comrades at college. But he has quite another class to deal with now, who look up to him as little less than an angel—

their confessor, the being who has the knowledge of their most secret thoughts and actions, from whom they expect no levity, but the highest moral example. His every word is commented upon. His going out and coming in are noted. His habiliments are cause of observation. His walk, with whom he converses, where he visits, are subjects of conversation. How guarded, how watchful he should be! But he is not, for he has never learned to look with suspicion on others. He is a good scholar and thinks himself a first-class preacher, like most young priests. Foolish people tell them so and they innocently believe them. They invite him to their homes and feast him, and boast among their neighbors of holding him among their dearest visitors. They give him wine—may be whiskey; the daughter Nellie plays the piano and sings; she has been to the convent school and knows how to entertain clergymen. It is lonely at the old pastor's, and these visits become more frequent. They are little oases in his solitary life, and, harmless as they have been so far, they are fast leading him into trouble; for there is Annie, the daughter of the rich grocer next door, who does not know how to play the piano, who has received her education at the public school, and does not understand entertaining young clergymen, but who, hearing Nellie's music, steps in to visit her and take a look around, and returning tells her papa and mamma that it is perfectly shameful to see how bold that Nellie acts with young Father N——; and their conduct is just scandalous; and a long story about smelling liquor and seeing ever so many bottles all full; and why can't we have a piano? and why does Father N—— never come to visit us? And Annie's mother thinks and says that Nellie's mother should look closer into Nellie's conduct, and hints that Nellie has been a little too

stuck up since she came home from the convent. All of which, with some more, she relates to the wife of the corner saloon keeper McCarthy, who is one of the pew-collectors. He loses no time, yet the story gains considerably before he warns the old pastor that a great scandal is taking place right under his nose in his own parish, in which his young assistant, and Nellie and Annie, and the McCarthys, and Nellie's mother, and Annie's father and mother and others are all mixed up. The old pastor thinks it proper to inform the Bishop. He does so, and considerably lays the whole blame on Father N——, for it will not do to offend the McCarthys nor the other parties, who are his old friends and parishioners; he can replace an assistant, but he must not lose them. The Bishop, being a rigorous man, takes up his pen and writes:

"Rev. Dear N——, Your faculties\* are hereby withdrawn. Yours in Christ.

S——B——, Bishop of L——."

When poor N—— receives this note he cannot for his life make out how he has merited it. He examines all his past life and finds no fault worthy of such punishment. He goes to his pastor but receives no information from him. The good man pretends ignorance of the whole affair, says he is sorry and advises him to see the Bishop about it. Father N—— goes to the Bishop, and if admitted to an audience at all gets as little information there as he did from his pastor. The Bishop tells him that he ought to know himself the reason of his suspension. One thing is sure, the Bishop having suspended him calls it firmness to look no further into the affair. *Quod scripsi, scripsi*; and to that will his lordship stick. The young priest implores him to give him some place—to do something for him, not to throw him on the street so soon

after his ordination. But episcopal firmness must be maintained. He is told to go, for his persistence irritates his lordship, and a big clown of a servant orders the young gentleman out. Would it be believed that the case related above is of common, of frequent occurrence? Yet it is so, and many a tramp priest by changing it very little will recognize it as his own story. What becomes [of] Father N——? Will he return home and inform his parents of his disgrace? Fortunately they live far away and will scarcely hear of his misfortune. They will miss his letters and by and by will grieve for him as one dead. They never, never more will see him. Despised—degraded—he becomes an outcast, a wanderer—he is made a tramp by his Bishop. Years afterwards we meet this poor tramp-priest. How changed he is. His fine, manly and intelligent countenance unrecognizably bloated and battered with quarrelling and strong drink, his choice and classic language laid aside he now uses only slang and hears the vulgar blasphemies of his companions with indifference. Well may we cry out, woe! eternal woe! to the Bishop, for he has created this being, he alone has made him what he is. Fearfully must he account to God for the soul which he has utterly destroyed—Some one of the old saints wrote, that on the day of judgment, mitres will be seen flying about, seeking the heads that wore them in this life and those heads will hide with shame and fear.

Who can defend a Bishop, who, without the least show of fair play, without trial or investigation, suspends a priest on the simplest accusation, without regard to the person making it? Sometimes he scarcely can wait to write out the suspension, but forwards it by telegraph, and then all the operators along the line are informed that Father A. or B. is under censure.

\* Faculties means the right to exercise the ministry.

**Rome and the Secular Press.**

Last month we referred to the organized efforts of the Jesuits and other papal agents to use the secular press by writing letters and procuring the insertion of articles in the daily papers in the interests of their Church. The Pope has not only approved of this method to influence public opinion in his favor, but he said expressly to an Italian Jesuit, Father Zocchi: "Father, write articles; they will bring more fruit than sermons, for where the preacher's word cannot reach, there newspapers do reach, and people read them who never go to hear a sermon. (New York *Catholic News*, March 22, 1896.) We also expressed the hope that Protestants would take a leaf out of the Jesuits' book and write articles for the daily press exposing Rome's false claims whenever there was occasion to do so. We were pleased therefore when a friend in this city, a business man, sent us a letter that appeared from his pen in the New York *Tribune* recently as follows:

ST. PETER AND THE PAPACY.

To the Editor of *The Tribune*:

Sir, I noticed on your editorial page this morning a paragraph in relation to the age and pontificate of the present Pope, noting that he had worn the tiara longer than the other Popes, excepting Pius IX, his tenure exceeding that of Peter. Now, may I ask on what authority is Peter classed as one of the Popes? I am aware of the claim, but surely the Bible in no way designates him as that functionary, and history records the fact that the Papal era only had its beginning about the time of the rise of Mahometanism, in the seventh century, by an act of Emperor Phocas, conferring on Boniface III, Bishop of Rome, the title of ecumenical or universal bishop. This was done in order to defeat the successors of Constantine in establishing a similar power at Constantinople, and resulted in the sundering of the Greek and Latin churches. Peter was a leader and a representative of the early primitive Church of Christ, and to claim him

as one of the founders of a particular system of religion is a serious, not to say unwarranted, assumption. Another fact in relation to Peter, which would rather tend to disqualify him in such a capacity had the Papacy begun in his day, was that he was a married man.

VERITAS.

In sending us the clipping our friend wrote: "Dear 'Father':—This is a little rebuke of mine to the *Tribune*; perhaps it may interest you."

We hope many others will be on the alert when the pretensions of Rome are put forth in the daily press, and rebuke them as this gentleman has done. It is a work of protesting against error and testifying for the truth; and even if the editors should not allow the letters to be published, they will know at all events what the sentiments of their intelligent Protestant readers are on the questions at issue between the Bible and Roman doctrine—truth and falsehood. But not many editors will refuse to accept well written communications if couched in proper language.

**At Northfield and Cleveland.**

The first Sunday in May found the Editor at Northfield, Mass., that quiet New England village, the birthplace and home of D. L. Moody, which has been made famous by the labors of the great evangelist in establishing Christian schools—the seminary for girls at East Northfield, and the school for boys at Mount Hermon, where we preached that Sunday. We sought rest from labor there for a few days, and accompanied to the school the young man whom priest Barry, of Rye, N. Y., endeavored to retain in the Roman Catholic Church by falsehood.

Some days later we visited the great Methodist Conference in Cleveland, Ohio, and introduced Father Kolaszewski to ministers who will help him and his people to learn the way of the Lord.

**WORK OF CHRIST'S MISSION.**

One of the priests to whom Christ's Mission has extended protection and help this year, and who, out of consideration for his family does not wish his name made public, had no letters vouching for his standing when he came to the Mission. While he was heartily welcomed and assured that the Mission would care for him in all respects, spiritual and temporal, it was pointed out to him that his future prospects would be brighter if he could obtain such letters. He was a member of the Benedictine Order in Scotland, and had held a responsible position in the Monastery at Fort Augustus, a foundation of the Marquis of Bute. He said it would be difficult to obtain testimonials from his former associates, as he had left them without asking permission and they were angry with him. Notwithstanding their feelings toward him he was urged to apply for his testimonials whatever their nature might be. Since he had left them and now desired to withdraw from the Roman Catholic Church and renounce the priesthood, it could not be expected that his Roman friends would speak well of him. He said they could not truthfully speak otherwise of him, as his standing was of the best up to the day he left the monastery; and if they attempted to malign him, the consequences would be serious for them.

After some diplomatic correspondence he received the following certificate from the Abbot of Fort Augustus, which is a curiosity in the line of testimonials; for it is an unusual thing for the Roman Catholic officials to say a kind word of a priest when he leaves them. If the Abbot knew that this priest was at Christ's Mission, it is doubtful whether he would send him such a good letter. The priest's name is omitted at

his own request. The following is the testimonial :



IN OMNIBUS GLORIFICETUR DEUS.

{ FORT AUGUSTUS,  
{ INVERNESS, SCOTLAND.

January 31, 1896.

The Rev. \_\_\_\_\_, D. D., a duly ordained priest of the Order of St. Benedict, has been since his ordination attached to our monastery and college here, always, as far as our knowledge goes, leading a pious and exemplary life. He is a learned writer and able speaker, and though he has left us, against our will, we wish him well.

† LEO LEUSSI, Abbot.

This priest for various reasons does not desire to enter public life, but when he learns the way of God in its fullness and perfection he will be a very useful man.

**CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT.**

Last month two hundred dollars were received in money and promises toward the payment of the debt on Christ's Mission. One good friend who had given \$25, said he would pay \$75 more before the end of the year, and another gentleman called at the Mission and said he would give \$50. Two donations of \$10 each were received from dear friends who have previously helped the Mission, four of \$5 each, ten of \$2 each and the remainder in small sums. The debt has thus been reduced to \$7,500, which is not a large sum for the friends of the Mission to pay off this year if a stroug effort be made.